
Title: Daemon Phakebrus has Fallen

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The signs were all there...
The skies had darkened
over the tombs of Wrong
for days before the
undead minions of the
fallen Lord of Covetous;

Aragothias had camped
out the place for weeks.
All that was left this
night was to fight, fight
with all our souls and
hope to the Virtue's of
our King that we
succeeded...

The past few weeks have
held horrors and miracles
mine own eyes have never
held, Hordes pouring out
of the Halls of Covetous
in the name of an Evil
Lord Aragothias, Many
brave men and women
fought back those hordes
and slew the Foul thing
leaving his bloody mass of
a body bleeding on the
grassy knoll in front of
the Serpents Cross. Yet,
when he fell the evil
creature that took
residence inside his body
was released and the real
horrors began. Hell
Hounds began to track
members of the Yew
Militia overcoming them,
and those that were
brave enough to render
aid. Our 'Beacon of Hope'
Had arrived holding the
armies of brave Dragons
behind her, Claudia Raym...
the adopted daughter of

an Elder Dragon slain by
fools in the streets of
Yew, had come to us to
help fight this evil force
and mayhap save her own
kind in the process.

With Phakebrus free of
the prison of Aragothias,
he unleashed legions upon
our township of Fogwood
on the outskirts of Yew.
Many a brave warriors
from Green Hell, The
Rising Lords of Virtue,
Order of the Silver
Dragon, Akalabeth and The
Syndicate had driven the
droves back saving us
from the flames. All
those armies as well as
many a Paladin and
Mercenary gathered near
the mouth of that horrid
pit of Wrong. From her
nearby lair our child of
deliverance rode forth
with her glorious
innocence and young heart
giving us all Hope and a
sudden Burst of Energy,
behind her followed two
Sky Blue dragon guardians
larger than any dragon I
have seen or heard of.

Our high hearts and
confidence melted away
like childhood dreams as
the skies grew darker
and two daemon guardians
descended from the
blackness overhead, behind
them came Phakebrus...
that horrid beast of Evil
and Brimstone that had
caused so much suffering.
As they landed the
ground shook and
hellhounds poured out
from fissures in the
ground... Lich upon Lich
rose from the graves of
those buried in the tombs
of Wrong... And our
heart sunk as a black
gate opened and in came

the Armies of The
Shadow Conclave. The
Battle waged on an on
for nearly an hour, men
and women being cut down
with not so much of a
blink from Phakebrus...
Then it happened I saw a
man run from the top of
the tomb over the stone
spikes of Wrong with his
sword pointed straight
into the chest of one of
Phakebrus' Guardians, the
foul beast screamed in
pain as its black blood
poured and mixed with
that of red already
covering the grass. The
Second Guardian Fell soon
thereafter and one of
Claudia's Dragonkin had
been slain. Phakebrus
fought through the crowd
to destroy our Beacon of
Hope and Innocence but
for each step he took we
pounded him with magic
spells and cold iron that
would have killed any
normal daemon. As his
last step was taken the
Daemon Screamed
"Noooooooo!" and fell onto
the stone battlements of
Wrong impaling his thick
hide.

Our Fearless Scribe and
Mage Greypawn approached
the Foul body of
Darkness and removed his
cold lifeless heart
proclaiming the battle a
victory... The day was
ours, and both Phakebrus
and Aragothias are no
more... Huzzah!